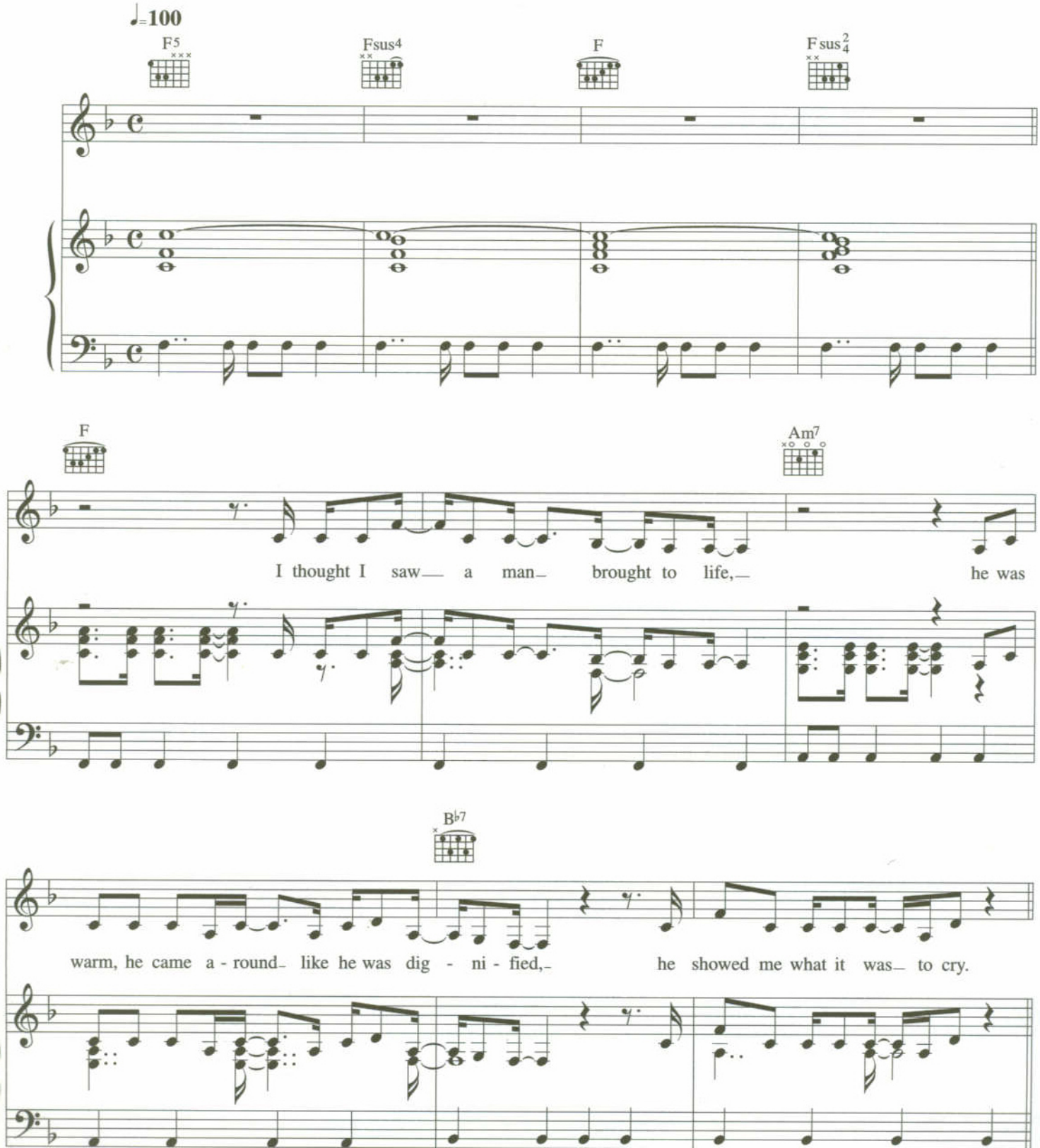
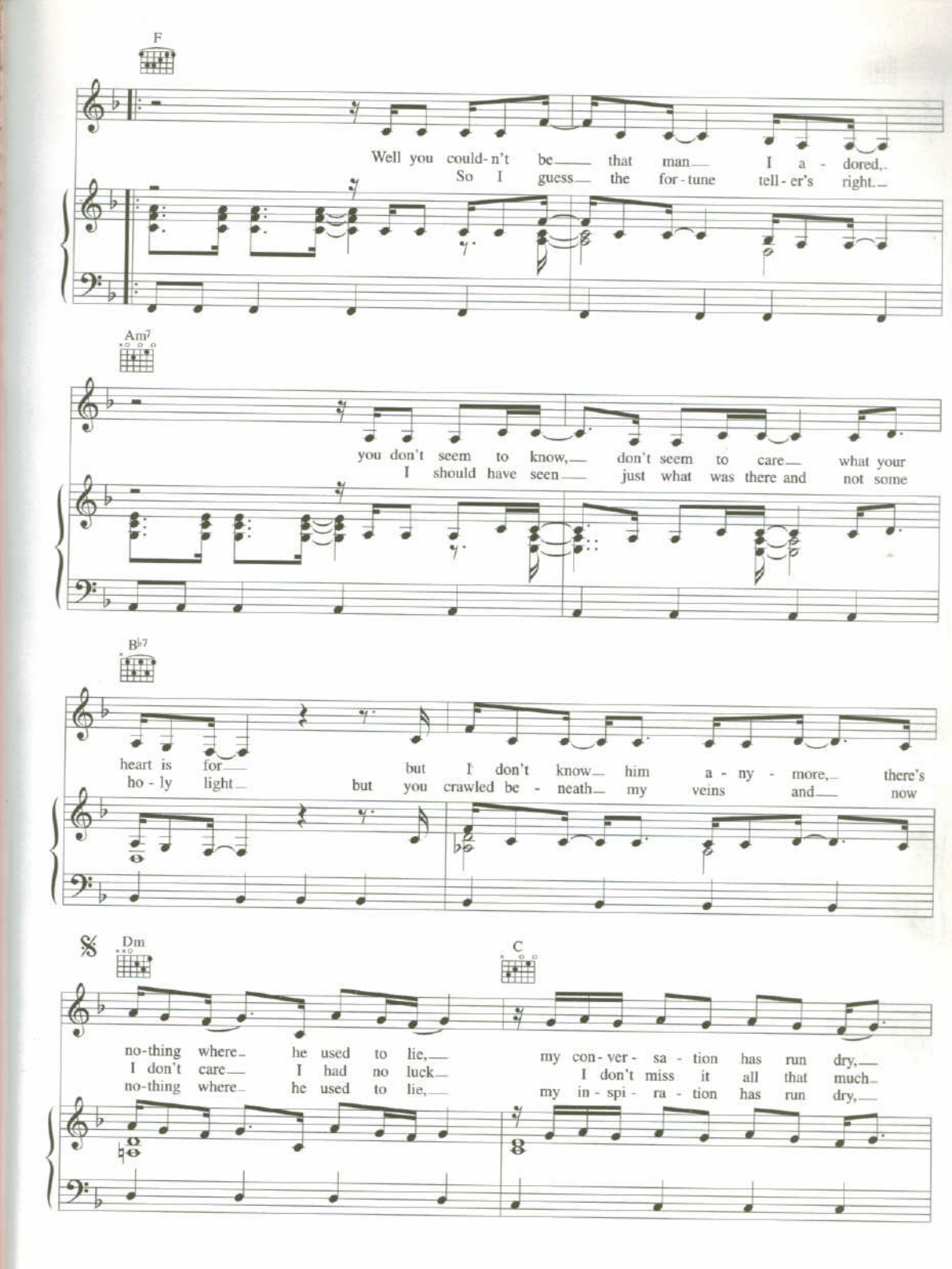
VISIT…

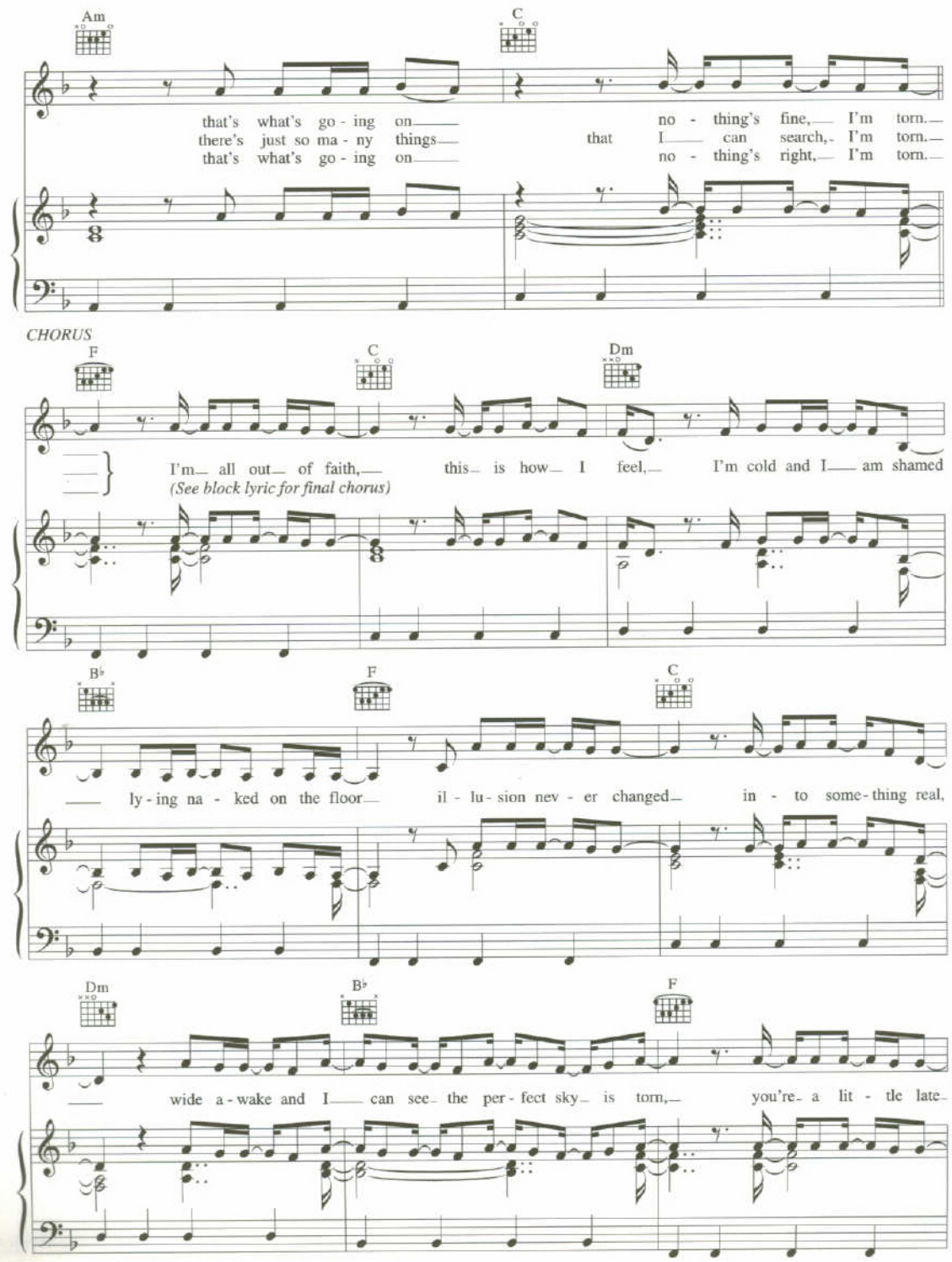
LANZAROTE Caliente.COM

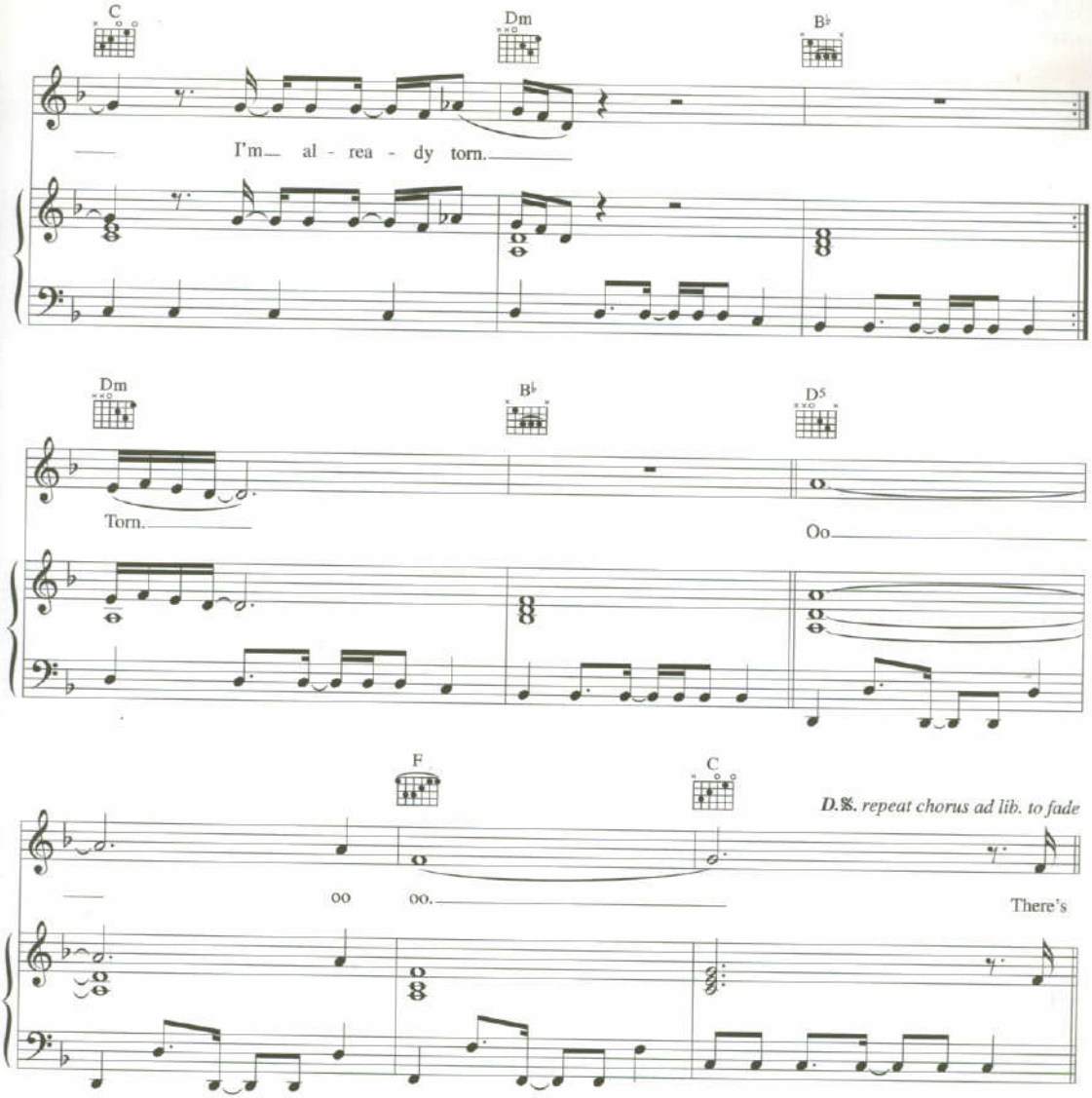
TORN > >

WORDS & MUSIC > ANNE PREVEN, SCOTT CUTLER & PHIL THORNALLEY




F
Well you could-n't be that man I a - dored,
So I guess the for-tune tell-er's right.
Am7
you don't seem to know, don't seem to care what your
I should have seen just what was there and not some
B♭7
heart is for but I don't know him a - ny - more, there's
ho - ly light but you crawled be - neath my veins and now
Dm
no-thing where he used to lie,
I don't care I had no luck
no-thing where he used to lie,
C
my con-ver - sa - tion has run dry,
I don't miss it all that much
my in - spi - ra - tion has run dry,


Am
C
that's what's go - ing on
there's just so ma - ny things
that's what's go - ing on
that no - thing's fine, I'm torn.
I can search, I'm torn.
no - thing's right, I'm torn.
CHORUS
F
C
Dm
I'm all out of faith, this is how I feel, I'm cold and I am shamed
(See block lyric for final chorus)
B♭
F
C
ly - ing na - ked on the floor il - lu - sion nev - er changed in - to some - thing real,
Dm
B♭
F
wide a - wake and I can see the per - fect sky is torn, you're a lit - tle late-



Final chorus:
I'm all out of faith
This is how I feel
I'm cold and I'm ashamed
Bound and broken on the floor.
You're a little late
I'm already torn…
Torn…